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with their climbing feelers - which is very exciting to SRP the gardener. No plants appear to be extremely robust and I look forward to great huge and pendulous bottle gourds by late August - the ^{luxurious} vines will give me as much pleasure as the fruit, to be sure. Together with the pale bean & the gourds in the Dundaff ^{and the sunflowers,} lawn garden ought to make a very striking botanical sight very shortly. Ever since I was a small child, I have been interested in / attracted to growing vines and sunflowers, and it gives me great pleasure to have so many growing vines & sunflowers here in my garden. A day or two ago I stuck a forest of sticks in the ground over the gourd-patch out back, which is also doing very well, although not as well as the Dundaff-patch.

During church service, some of the Bereans began to cringe & cover their ears to indicate to Pullin that Don Hoyle was playing the organ too loudly - Pullin interrupted and ask Don Hoyle to "tone it down!" What a pale that threw over the service, at least for me. I was so mad I almost got up & walked out. En même temps, it was very embarrassing for Hoyle. I did not storm out, however, and made no outward manifestation of my anger - instead I continued ^{weekly} my reading of Isaiah, which is one of my

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favorite books of the Bible. [Pullin mentioned today that Ephesians is one of his favorite books of the Bible.] When the service was over, I went up and collected up the weekly "tithes and offerings" of the Bereans and then went to the organ, where Hoyle was ^{still} playing the postlude and waited for him to finish. When he did, I extended my hand and we shook hands and I said: "I, for one, don't think that you were playing too loudly. I think you played beautifully. If some of these Bereans thought you were playing too loudly, too bad. You probably woke them up and they don't like that. They have been a spiritual and corporeal troyer most of their lives and it upsets them to be awake." Hoyle grinned warmly and thanked me for my support. Don Tonkin and Gloria Seigle warmly supported & seconded SRP in defense of the playing of Hoyle, who commented: "The organ is meant to be played and not half-played." On my way to the GOLF course, I stopped at the home and bought 3 quarts of milk so that I can make some yogurt today. At the GOLF course, everything was in its usual Sunday-at-mid-day state: everyone mostly non-verbal and involved in their separate routines. There seemed to be tension in the air and an air of snippy-ness & hostility seemed to be present. I was in good humour and took my place at table - ^{see 06-22-1985-p. 2} I brought up the Matulevich article and WSP was the only person to respond to my question if anyone knew the family -